FISHING FOR STURGEON.

It Is Good, Hard Work to Pull One of Them In.

The fishermen along the river at Essex and Saybrook are now engaged in sturgeon fishing. Few are aware of the methods used to catch this monster of the waters, for a monster it surely is, often weighing 600 pounds or more. The sturgeon fisherman is compelled to use good judgment and master his prey when caught, for the fish are desperate as well as powerful. The net is of the same style as an ordinary fishing seine, the meshes being fourteen inches square of twenty-seven thread twine. This thread would not be sufficient to hold the fish when caught because of its great strength and shape, but no sooner is it caught in the seine than it becomes entangled in the loose twine and the work of landing him in the fishing boat begins. The fishermen know when the fish is in the net, for the seine corks begin to sink and dance on the water, as though electrified. Two fishermen in the boat approach this troubled spot, gradually haul in what is known as the cork line and the monster is raised till the lantern reveals its position. Then the hatchet is used on its head with repeated blows, after which the fish is allowed to remain submerged for a time until life is thought to be extinct. But the fishermen are often deceived, for the sturgeon may have been playing possum, as Mr. Daniels and Mate Brockway, of Hamburg, will testify. They recently had a midnight encounter with a 450-pound sturgeon, which, after being safely landed in the boat, came to life in good shape and proceeded to take charge not only of the boat, but of the crew in such a manner that the frightened fishermen started their boat for shore and finally reached it, but neither was able to tell how, so excited were they. The fish lived two hours and wasted no time; it succeeded in breaking two of the boards and one oar, as well as tearing the sail which was stowed in the forward part of the boat. This fish was considered one of the most desperate kind of the sturgeon species, being known as the "bull nose," which does not often leave salt for fresh water. In gone-by shad fishing days when a sturgeon got in a seine with a shad it was always sure to liberate the whole catch by tearing a large hole in what is called the "bust." These fish are always dreaded by the shad fishermen. Their time for visiting these waters is from the middle of June to the first of September, and, like the swallows, all go—or seem to go—in one day.—Hartford Courant.

Hard on the Rescuers.

"Charlie Brown—later on the famed Aretemus Ward of literature—and I were walking toward the office along toward 1 o'clock in the morning, when we were reporters together on the Cleveland Leader," said Gen. Warren P. Edgarton, "when we heard piercing cries from the second story of the house

"'Ah, ha! Beauty in distress!' ejaculated Brown. 'Let's go over.'

"Over we went, and into the room where the trouble was. We saw a burly fellow fearfully belaboring his little mite of a wife, and I rushed in to do the saving act. Well, that fellow was a whopper. The table was set for a meal, he evidently being some sort of a night-worker, and the first thing he did was to swing me across the top of it, making a clean sweep of the dishes and the hash. Then I was fired under the table and had it overturned on me. Just then as I got a chance to breathe, I looked around to see what Brown was doing for the relief of the country.

"'Time!' he shouted; and as I turned my banged-up head I saw him perched on a chair on the corner, with his watch in his hand, enjoying the situation hugely.

"The ruffian let me up and we two proceeded on our way. The next day after I had the pleasure of reading a vivid account of the fight described by 'rounds' as Brown saw the scrap."—Philadelphia Call.

Vessel's Keel Severs a Cable.

The sharp keel of some fast steamer recently cut in two the telegraph cable connecting Philadelphia with Camden. Since that time telegrams have had to go by other and longer ways to Camden and other New Jersey points. The cable, which has just been prepared, is made up of many dozen wires and is laid directly over the site of Windmill Island. The vessel which cut the cable struck a shoal spot where the cable lay, and severed every wire in two, the ends drifting up and down the river with the tides. The hardest part of the work of repair was to find the ends and hold them together until the splice was made. To do this it was necessary to anchor a barge in the river while the work was being done. The cable is now in good working order again.

The Rising Flood.

Boston Globe: There were people in the time of Noah who stood on the tops of the mountains up to their necks and complacently informed Noah as he floated past in the ark that there was going to be no flood. A flood of prosperity is now flowing over the land, and it is visible to everyone not afflicted with partisan blindness.

Modified Convictions.

"I think I will have a special bicycle sermon next Sunday."

"Why, only a few Sundays ago you preached a sermon denouncing the wheel."

"Yes, but since then nearly every one in my parish has bought one."

The Man for the Place.

Manager—"Yes, we advertised for a night watchman."

Applicant—"That's me. I'm just the one for the place. The slightest noise will wake me up."

SPORTS ON SHIPBOARD.

Amusement Afforded to Seafarers by the Tricks of a Ventriloquist.

"Steamship passengers frequently resort to practical jokes to relieve the monotony of voyages," said a retired sea captain to a San Francisco Post reporter recently, "and while the pranks as a rule, are perfectly harmless, they sometimes have a boomerang effect. Three years ago we were crossing the Atlantic and both the owners and myself were exceedingly anxious to make a speedy trip, as a rival liner had the week before lowered the record held by our company. On the third day out, just about dusk, the cry of 'Man overboard!' rang through the ship, and a hurried investigation elicited the information that several of the passengers had heard a splash, followed by piteous appeals of 'Help! help—save me!' The engines were stopped and the steamer put about, a close watch being kept meanwhile for the drowning man. A half hour was spent in cruising about without results, and we started on our journey under the belief that the poor fellow had gone to the bottom. The inquiry that followed proved puzzling. No one was missing, and we came to the conclusion that a stowaway had committed suicide. The next day, however, an explanation came. We had a ventriloquist aboard, in the person of a very smart young man, who was too tickled over the success of his joke to keep the secret. Then the laugh was on him. As he had caused a serious delay and much annoyance I notified him that I had made an official entrance of the circumstance on my log and the loss of time, and that on approaching shore I would detain him until a sufficient guarantee had been put up that he would answer in court to reply to a demand for financial restitution. I talked of $50,000 being the penalty under the government mail contract, and it is needless to say he spent the balance of the voyage on tenter hooks. He disappeared before we docked, leaving his baggage behind."

ANOTHER INNOVATION.

Banking Introduced in Department Stores of New York.

A banking department is the latest novelty in a large uptown dry goods store, says New York Journal. Its object is to be a convenience for the patrons of the establishment and residents of the neighborhood rather than to make money for the firm. It is to all purposes a bank, although not being chartered it cannot be dignified with this name. Deposits are made and checks drawn in just the same way as they are at any bank, so that a customer visiting the store can transact all her business under one roof. She can furnish her home, provision it, purchase her clothes and those for the rest of her family, have her photograph taken, enjoy a delicious meal, buy flowers for her lawn, take a nap and pay for all by a check drawn on the proprietors of the store. The convenience of this banking department does not end here, for when the bars and shutters have been put up on regular banks money is still passing in and out of the teller's window. Three o'clock goes by without notice, and the fatigued shopper suddenly realizes she has forgotten to have a check cashed. This she can have done as late as 5 o'clock on other days and 9 p. m. on Saturdays. Neighboring tradespeople also avail themselves of this convenience. Letters of credit to any part of the world are issued by this shopper's bank, and foreign money is bought and sold there, at the current rate of exchange. Passage on any of the transatlantic steamers may also be purchased there, and cabins selected in the same place where steamer chairs and rugs are bought.

Death of a Trappist.

The burial of a Trappist is a peculiar and solemn ceremony. Immediately after a monk is dead, the body, dressed in the monastic robe, is stretched on a simple board, the head covered with the cowl, and then taken to the monastery chapel. There the body remains until the day of interment, four yellow wax candles burning all the time, and all the monks in turn reciting the prayers of the liturgy, night and day. On the day of burial the prayers for the dead and a requiem mass are chanted, after which all the monks form in procession to follow their brother to his last resting place. During the funeral procession psalms are chanted in the mournful tones peculiar to the Trappist Order. When the cemetery is reached more prayers are recited and then the body is slowly lowered into the grave, not in a coffin, but simply dressed in the monastic robe worn during life. A monk then goes down into the grave to cover his dead brother's face with a cowl, after which the officiating priest slowly throws a shovelful of earth over the body. Two other monks do the same, and then the grave is filled up in the ordinary way. After the burial the procession returns to the chapel in the same order.

The Trappist cemetery is always placed in the interior yard of the monastery, so that the dead may always be in view of the living, and as soon as one monk is buried, another grave next to the one just filled is at once partially dug up, that each may see the place where he may possibly be laid before long.

Actors That Are Thrifty.

An actor ought always to have an anchor to windward. Look at Sol Smith Russell. If he hadn't bought up that Minneapolis—or was it St. Paul?—property when it was cheap, could he afford now to play annual engagements in New York? Echo answers very distinctly. And now here comes Lewis Morrison. He, too, likes to play New York. He hasn't any property in the twin cities, but he has a "manor" up the Hudson, and he has a big gas plant there, from which he not only lights his own house, but furnishes illumination for all his neighbors at very low rates. "Shoemaker, stick to your last" was a very good maxim, and still is, but there really is nothing like an anchor to the windward.

IS A MONSTER BOOK.

It Is Said the Largest One in the World Is in the British Museum.

The Chinese department of the British Museum library contains, says a writer in Cassell's World of Wonders, a single work which occupies no fewer than 5,020 volumes. This wonderful production of the Chinese press was purchased a few years ago for $6,000, and is one of only a very small number of copies now in existence. It is an encyclopedia of the literature of China, covering a period of twenty-eight centuries—from 1000 B. C. to 1700 A. D.

It owes its origin to the literary proclivities of the Emperor Kang-he, who from 1662 to 1722. In the course of his studies of the ancient literature of his country Kang-he discovered that extensive corruptions had been allowed to creep into modern editions, and he conceived the idea of having the text of the originals reproduced and preserved in an authoritative form. This was a mighty conception, truly, and in its execution it remains unique down to the present time. For the purpose of carrying out the work Kang-he appointed a commission of learned men to select the writings to be reproduced, and employed the Jesuit missionaries to cast copper types with which to execute the printing. The commission was occupied for forty years in its great task. Before the work was completed Kank-he died, but he had provided that his successor should see the book completed, and he faithfully carried out his trust. The book is arranged in six divisions, each dealing with a particular branch of knowledge. The divisions are thus designated: First, writings relating to the heavens, second, writings relating to the earth; third, writings relating to mankind; fourth, writings relating to inanimate nature; fifth, writings relating to philosophy; sixth, writings relating to political economy.

THE MAN AT THE LEVER.

How a Locomotive Engineer Acts When Running a Very Fast Train.

The locomotive engineer is a remarkably placid fellow, with a habit of deliberate precision in his look and motions. He occasionally turns a calm eye to his gauge and then resumes his quiet watch ahead. The three levers which he has to manipulate are under his hand for instant use, and when they are used it is quietly and in order, as an organist pulls out his stops. The noise in the cab makes conversation difficult, but not as bad as that heard in the car when passing another train, with or without the windows open, and in looking out of the engine cab the objects are approached gradually, not rushed past, as when one looks laterally out of a parlor car or window. The fact is that the engineer does not look at the side—he is looking ahead—and therefore the speed seems less, as the objects are approached gradually. Those who have ridden at ninety miles an hour on a locomotive know that on a good road (and there are many such) the engine is not shaken and swayed in a terrific manner, but is rather comfortable, and the speed is not so apparent as when one is riding in a passenger car, where only a lateral view is had. The engineer can be very comfortable if he is quite sure of the track ahead, and it is only in rounding curves or in approaching crossings that he feels nervous, and it is doubtful if it is any more strain to run a locomotive at high speed than to ride a bicycle through crowded thoroughfares. Judging by the countenances of the bicycle rider and the engineer, the engineer has rather the best of it.

Don't.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of the "Pilgrim's Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his physical disability. Milton was blind.

Don't snub a boy because of dullness in his lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the great orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice.

Don't snub him for any reason. Not only because he may some day outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

Use Differently.

Young Mrs. Chubly's Neighbor—How do you like the new preacher as a boarder, Mrs. Chubly?

Mrs. Chubly—Oh, very much!

"Sleeps in the front room, doesn't he?"

"No. That's our room."

"Why, I was sure I heard him in that room, late last night, rehearsing his sermon."

"No. I guess that must have been John you heard. He was walking with baby and stepped on a tack."

Thrust Upon Him.

Jones—Smith woke up the other morning and found himself famous.

Brown—I'm surprised to hear that. I never knew he amounted to anything.

Jones—He never did before.

Brown—What has happened then?

Jones—He found that his wife had eloped in the night.

Sheep Tended by Game Cocks.

London Tid-Bits: One of the most valuable flocks of Southdown sheep in the United States is the property of Mr. Munsan Migg, the beet-root sugar magnate. A peculiar fact in connection with the flock is that it is looked after, not by sheep dogs, but by six trained Spanish game cocks. They are armed each morning with spurs, and have so fierce a way of attacking any sheep that tries to run away or will not be driven that the animals are now thoroughly afraid of the birds and obey their directions perfectly. Mr. Migg's daughter brought the birds from the Canary Islands.

Bogus English Estates.

Ex-Consul General New reiterates the statement that there is no estate of any description amounting to as much as $1,000,000 in England, either in the Bank of England or in the Court of Chancery, in which American heirs are interested. The same statement has been made by indubitable authority a hundred times. But whenever a smart lawyer gets out of another job or wishes to take a trip to England at somebody else's expense the deathless "fake" of a vast English estate waiting for a number of guileless Americans to come over and get it is revived.

Too Old-Fashioned.

Struggling Author—"You say my book won't do?"

Publisher—"No, sir. It's too old fashioned."

Struggling Author—"How 'old-fashioned?'"

Publisher—"Your plot is a plot, your characters have characteristics, and when they talk they say something."

Why Don't Men Propose.

Why don't the men propose? How many New York women can sympathize with this wail from across the water! "I wonder how many little tragedies there are scattered about the town at the end of a London season. Do you know, my heart often aches when I notice the pale cheeks and sad eyes of some mother-ridden maidens who have not succeeded in capturing an establishment of their own, in spite of all their new dresses and gaudy hats, and who, in consequence, are a disappointment to their chaperons. I believe the whole modern system of society life in London is, to say the least of it, most galling and trying to girls. Of course there are many brilliant exceptions. But for the average well-born, well-educated society daughter the present state of the 'marriage market' cannot be said to be satisfactory, and it never will be till the word itself is obsolete in the speech of mankind."

A Murder.

The Inquisitive Man—What do you mean by that sign outside your shop, "Summer Resort?"

The Constable—I mean that I am ready to board the doors and windows of your house while you are away for the summer, see?

Toil at Newport.

That Lady Alva Vanderbilt has the prettiest foot at Newport. She wears a No. 2.

That the Willie K. faction are mean enough to say that she isn't a bit averse to showing it, encased in the sweetest and prankiest of French boots, when she mounts her wheel.

That Miss Consuelo Vanderbilt inherits the tiny foot and beautiful Andalusian instep of her mother, the erstwhile Mobile belle.

That this daughter of the famous house is a picture fair to see in her white satin ball dress, with fairy slippers to match, embroidered with seed pearls.

That the other Vanderbilt women all have aristocratic feet, molded on Trilby lines—long and daintily slender.

That drawn work is the fashionable craze of the hour, and that Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt excels all the fair maids of the 180 in this dainty needlecraft.

Only Cure For Dyspepsia.

Mrs. Franklin Bush, of New Castle, Del., says: "I suffered for years with dyspepsia. Used to have great distress and belching. I tried everything I could hear of, but nothing helped me till I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla Balm, and one 50 cent bottle cured me completely."